A POWER COMIC

A FANTASTIC FREE SURPRISE FOR YOU! SEE BACK PAGE!

SMASH!

No.55
18th FEB 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

WHAT'S THIS? WHILE POISON IVY AND HER FELINE FELONS FLEECE GOTHAM CITY, BATMAN SEEMS TO BE SITTING THIS ONE OUT!

IT'S GOOD TO BE ABLE TO RELAX FOR A WHILE AT HOME IN STATELY *WAYNE MANOR*, DICK!

HOW *CAN* YOU RELAX WHEN WE *OUGHT* TO BE OUT LOOKING FOR *POISON IVY* AS *BATMAN* AND *ROBIN*?!?

BOB KANE

ALL IN GOOD TIME, CHUM!

SOONER OR LATER SHE'LL MAKE A *MISTAKE*--AND WE'LL KNOW *WHERE* TO LOOK!

HOLY WISHFUL THINKING!

IN THE INCREDIBLY RICH FINANCIAL DISTRICT OF *GOTHAM CITY*, A LOVELY YOUNG GIRL SEEMS TO BE HAVING TROUBLE...

BOO! HOO! COULD ONE OF YOU GENTLEMEN SHOW ME HOW TO WORK THIS *PARKING METER*?

NATIONAL

VIOLATION

Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc. © National Periodical Publications, Inc. 1966 (1967)

LET *ME* SHOW HER!

WHAT DO *YOU* KNOW ABOUT PARKING METERS?

YOU'RE ALL SO *KIND*!

COME ON, *IVY LEAGUERS*. IVY'S SET IT UP FOR US!

A WHOLE *TRUCK* FULL OF BEAUTIFUL *MONEY*!

NATIONAL

LO203

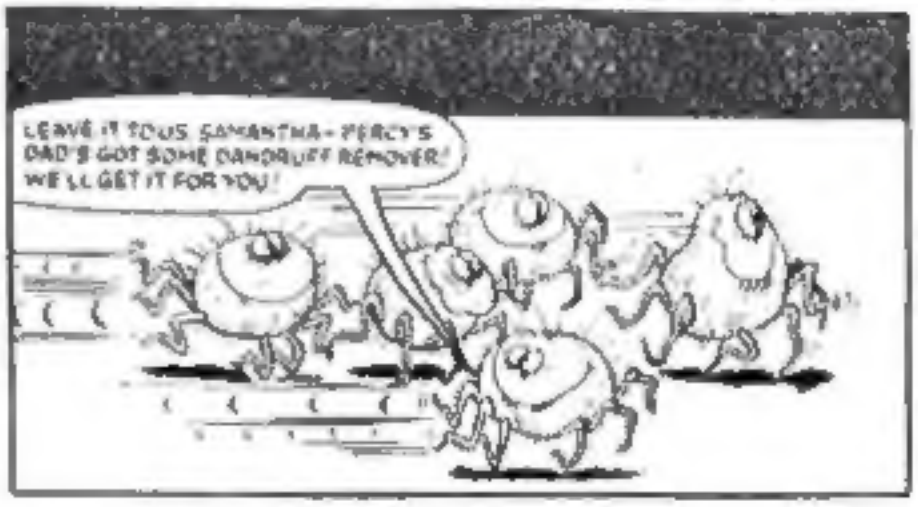
OVER THE PAGE, FANS — *QUICK*!

© Odhams Press, Ltd., England, 1967

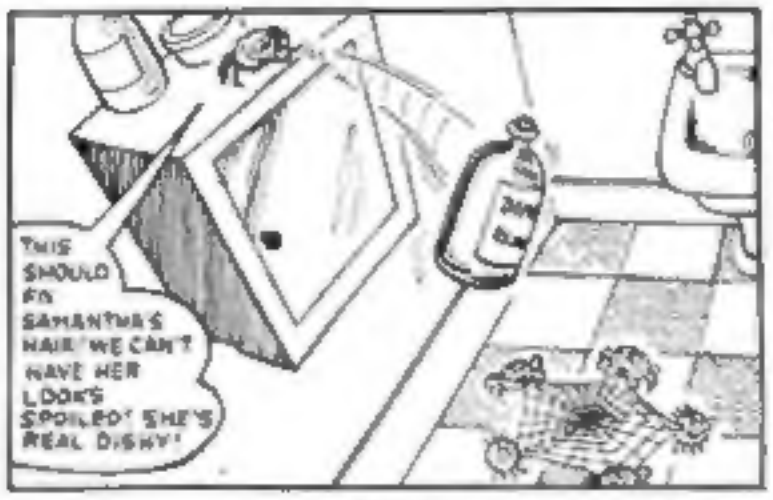
STOP THIEVES!
TIME FOR LITTLE IVY TO EXIT!
602
POISON IVY AND HER ALL-GIRL BAND HAVE STRUCK A NEW NOTE, BATMAN!
WE'RE ON OUR WAY, COMMISSIONER!
WHAT SHE NEEDS IS A GOOD PUNCH IN THE NOSE!
HULLO — SOMEONE IS SIGNALLING US — I THINK IT'S... YES! IT'S MR CONRAD HILTON!
WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS NONSENSE, BATMAN! WE'VE GOT TO FIND POISON IVY AND HER GANG OF GIRL CROOKS!
WE CAN HARDLY BE RUDE TO OUR FRIEND, MR CONRAD HILTON, CHUM! AND BESIDES --
SA 20%
BESIDES WHAT, FOR PETE'S SAKE?!?
JUST THIS, ROBIN -- IF WE GIVE THE LARCENOUS LADY A LITTLE TIME, SHE'LL LOOK FOR US!
HOLY TAJ MAHAL!
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?
Batman Hilton
THE FACADE IS BLACK MARBLE, ROBIN -- IN THE REAR IS A 72-HOLE GOLF COURSE!
-- AND, OF COURSE, EVERY ROOM HAS A PRIVATE BAT-ROOM!
PLEASE, PAL! YOU'RE BREAKING ME UP!
LET'S GO INSIDE. I THINK YOU'LL FIND IT INTERESTING!
I'M SURE WE WILL!
MR. HILTON, THIS IS YOUR GREATEST!
MEANWHILE, AT THE IVY-COVERED HIDEOUT ESTATE OF POISON IVY AND HER GIRLISH GRIFTERS...
OKAY -- EVERYBODY OUT OF THE POOL! TIME TO LAY OUR TRAP FOR THE CAPED CRUSADER!
GOODY!
IMAGINE! US CHASING BATMAN!
WHAT FUN!
FOUR FATAL FEMALES VS. ONE MAN AND A BOY. ARE THE ODDS STACKED AGAINST OUR FRIENDS?? YOU'LL SEE — NEXT SMASHDAY!

Percy's Pets

OH, DEAR! I'VE GOT DANDRUFF IN MY LOVELY LOCKS!
BEAUTY CREAM

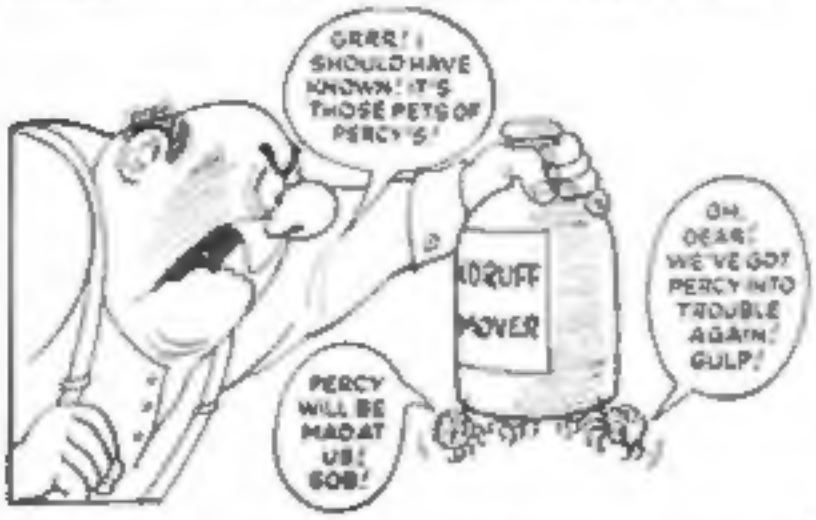

LEAVE IT TO US SAMANTHA - PERCY'S DAD'S GOT SOME DANDRUFF REMOVER! WE'LL GET IT FOR YOU!

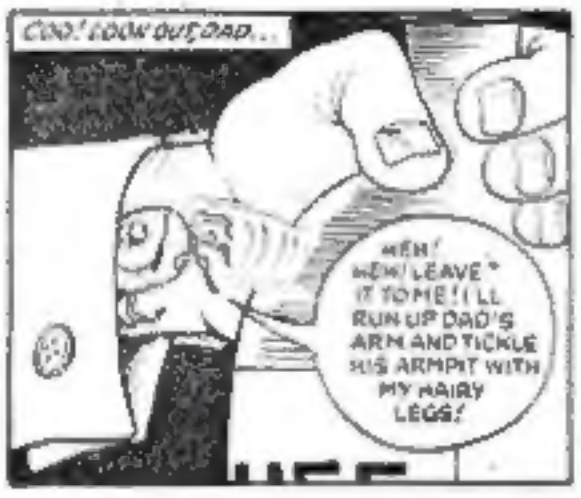
AND SO
ONE WEB COMING UP - I LOVE GOING FOR A SPIN! SNIGGER!


THIS SHOULD FIX SAMANTHA'S HAIR! WE CAN'T HAVE HER LOOKS SPOILED! SHE'S REAL DISHY!

HANDY THINGS THESE WEBS!
DANDRUFF REMOVER

EEK! A LIVE BOTTLE! IT CAN'T BE!


GRRR! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! IT'S THOSE PETS OF PERCY'S!
OH, DEAR! WE'VE GOT PERCY INTO TROUBLE AGAIN! GULP!
PERCY WILL BE MAD AT US! SOB!


COO! LOOK OUT, DAD...
MEH! MEH! LEAVE IT TO ME! I'LL RUN UP DAD'S ARM AND TICKLE HIS ARMPIT WITH MY HAIRY LEGS!

OH, NO! WHAT ARE THEY UP TO NOW?
NOW'S THAT?
AAGH! STOP IT! HEE! HEE!

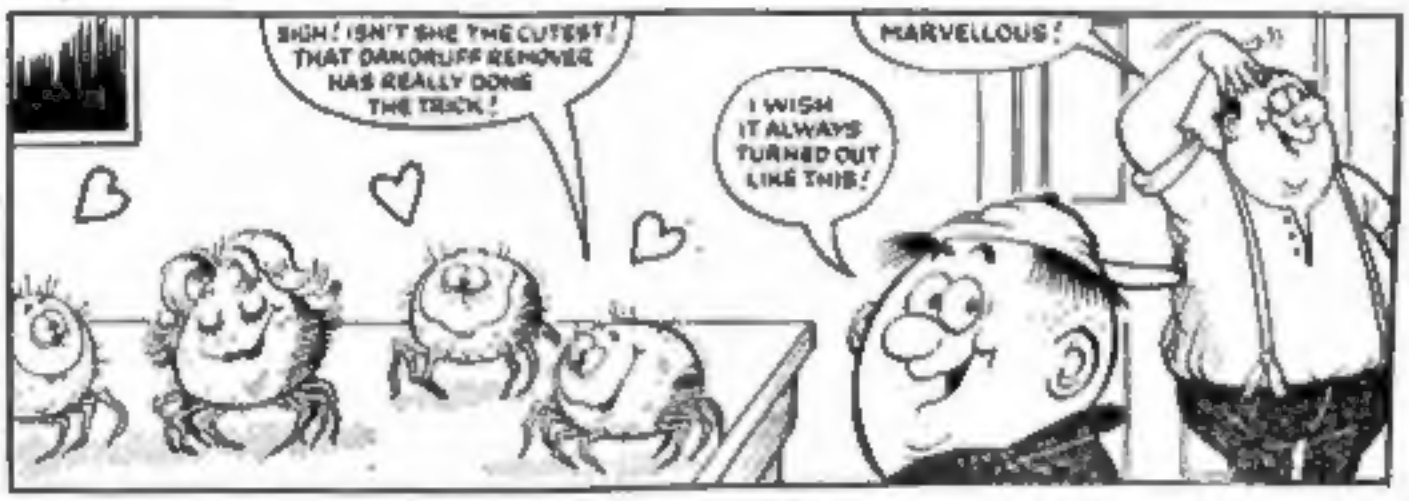
LATER...
THIS SHOULD BE ENOUGH FOR SAMANTHA'S HAIR! I HOPE PERCY DOESN'T STOP US!

HE WON'T! I'VE SEEN TO THAT!
AAGH! LET ME OUT, SAMMY! DAD WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW!

GRRR! GRRR! YOU'RE DEAD RIGHT! HERE I AM!

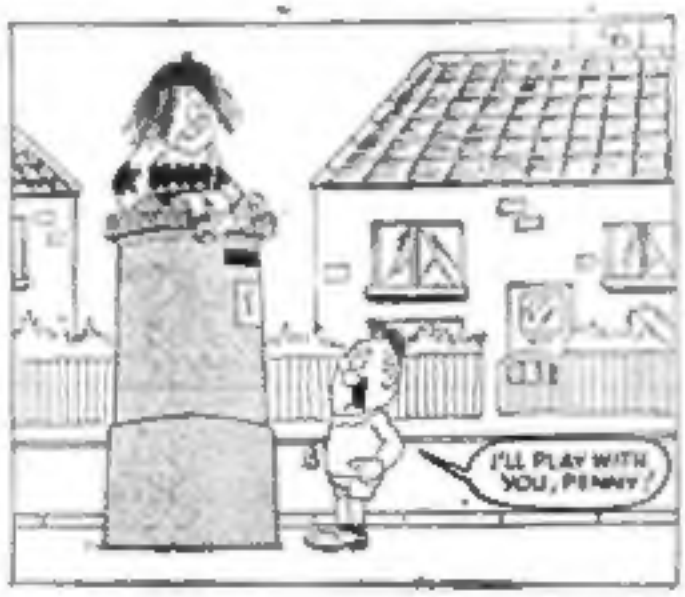
BY GOLLY! THAT'S CLEVER!

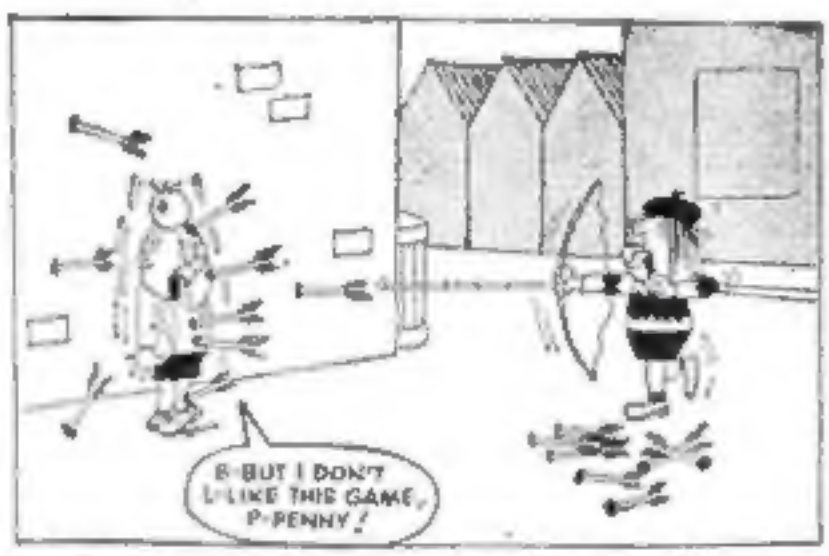
I ALWAYS POUR OUT FAR TOO MUCH AND WASTE HALF OF IT! FOR ONCE, THOSE PALS OF PERCY'S HAVE DONE ME A GOOD TURN! I CAN USE THIS!

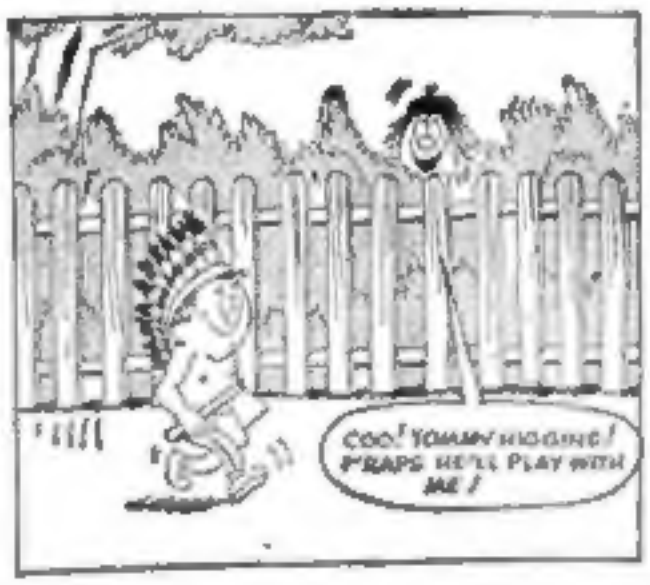

SIGH! ISN'T SHE THE CUTEST! THAT DANDRUFF REMOVER HAS REALLY DONE THE TRICK!
I WISH IT ALWAYS TURNED OUT LIKE THIS!
MARVELLOUS!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1967







I LOVE PLAYING AT COWBOYS AND INDIANS! HEH-HEH!

HEY! I THOUGHT IT WAS THE INDIANS WHO SCALPED THE COWBOYS! HELP!

NOT THE WAY I PLAY IT!!

ROTTEN COWARD! IT WAS ONLY MADE OF RUBBER—

—I ONLY WANTED TO PLAY!

AWK!

KICK!

NOBODY EVER WANTS TO PLAY WITH ME!

AND I KNOW LOTS OF SMASHING GAMES!

I'LL PLAY WITH YOU, PENNY!

UH??

OH, NO! — IT'S P.C. CORK!

BUMP!

I KNOW THE GAME YOU WANT TO PLAY — WHACKS AN' SLIPPERS! HELP!

RIGHT, FIRST TIME — THAT LITTLE MONSTER PUT SOAP FLAKES IN THE POLICE TEA LAST WEEK!

NO TELLING, YOU LOT — OR ELSE!

GURR! WHERE IS SHE—?

SHAKE!

SHAKE!

TEE-HEE! — PENNY'S NEVER SATISFIED!

YEAH! — CORKY'S PLAYING 'HIDE AND SEEK' WITH HER — AND SHE'S STILL NOT VERY HAPPY!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

TOGETHER WITH TRAPEZE-STAR ALONZO AND AN INDIAN FAKIR, THE INCREDIBLE **RUBBERMAN** TRIES TO ESCAPE FROM COUNT ARENA'S CIRCUS OF DOOM. BUT THE FAKIR LOSES HIS NERVE, AND DASHES INTO THE OPEN —

— HE IS A PERFECT TARGET FOR THE MERCILESS COUNT IN A HELICOPTER OVERHEAD...

THERE'S ONE OF THEM!

GET DOWN! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT YOU!

THE HELICOPTER SWEEPS CLOSER...

LOOK OUT, COUNT!

SO! RUBBERMAN IS FIGHTING BACK—WITH ROCKS!

BULLETS CAN'T HARM RUBBERMAN— BUT THESE GUNS AREN'T THE ONLY WEAPONS WE HAVE! PUT IN YOUR EARPLUGS!

RIGHT, COUNT! WHEN YOU GIVE THE WORD, I'LL SWITCH ON!

NOW LET'S SEE HOW YOU COPE WITH THIS, RUBBERMAN!

THAT SCREAMING NOISE! IT'S GETTING LOUDER! WHAT IS IT?

A MILLION STABS OF PAIN DART THROUGH THE HEADS OF THE FUGITIVES...

THEY'RE BLASTING US... WITH SONIC SOUND!

AAAHHHH! I...I CAN'T ... STAND IT...!

UNTIL MERCIFULLY THEY BLACK OUT...

HE—HE'S WON! WE'RE... UUUUUNHH!

GIVE A HAND TO GET THEM ABOARD!

I SURE WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE IN THEIR SHOES! THE COUNT WILL MAKE THEM WISH THEY'D NEVER BEEN BORN!

BUT AS THE HELICOPTER CHURNS BACK INTO THE AIR, RUBBERMAN RECOVERS...

I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING. AND YET I DARE NOT RISK HIM SHOOTING AT THE OTHERS!

THE FIRST MOVE IS TO GET RID OF THAT GUN HE'S CARRYING — IF I CAN!

RUBBERMAN'S FOOT HOOKS THROUGH THE STRAP OF A PARACHUTE PACK. THEN...

IT'S NOW OR NEVER...!

OOOOH!

'HERE'S WHERE I TAKE OVER!

RUBBERMAN! HE'S GOING FOR THE RIFLE!

SAVAGELY, THE PILOT THRUSTS OVER THE CONTROL COLUMN...

YOU'RE GOING TO FLY US BACK TO ... UUUUUHHHH!

I'VE THROWN HIM OFF BALANCE! HE'S FALLING OUT OF THE DOOR!

BRING HER ROUND! I WANT TO SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM!

THE COUNT PEERS DOWN...

HE'S STARTED A LANDSLIDE!

IT'S THROWING UP CLOUDS OF DUST ...CAN'T SEE A THING TILL IT SETTLES!

A MINUTE LATER...

NO SIGN OF HIM! HE MUST HAVE BEEN BURIED BY IT!

THEN...

A PITY— I HAD A MUCH MORE INTERESTING FATE PLANNED FOR RUBBERMAN. BUT NEVER MIND, WE STILL HAVE THE OTHER TWO TO PROVIDE US WITH SOME ENTERTAINMENT!

AS THE HELICOPTER PASSES OVER THE HIGH WALL AROUND COUNT ARENA'S CIRCUS...

I MUST TRY TO SAVE ALONZO FROM THAT MURDEROUS DEVIL SOMEHOW...!

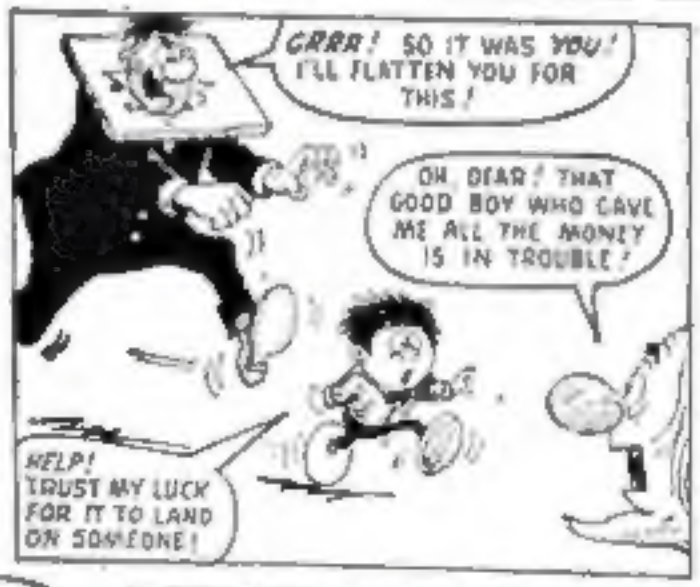
BUT RUBBERMAN HAS FORGOTTEN THAT THE COUNT'S TRAINED KILLERS STALK THE CIRCUS COMPOUND...

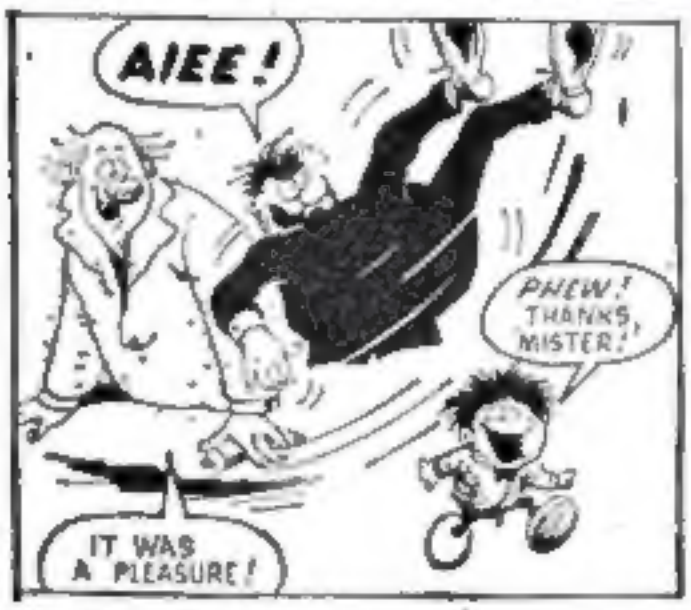
...AND THAT FAKIR — THE MAN WHOSE CURSE TURNED ME INTO RUBBER. IF I'M EVER TO LIVE A NORMAL LIFE AGAIN, I MUST SAVE HIM, TOO!

LOOK BEHIND YOU, RUBBERMAN — SILENT DEATH IS STALKING YOUR FOOTSTEPS!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH


GRRR! SO IT WAS YOU! I'LL FLATTEN YOU FOR THIS!
OH DEAR! THAT GOOD BOY WHO GAVE ME ALL THE MONEY IS IN TROUBLE!
HELP! TRUST MY LUCK FOR IT TO LAND ON SOMEONE!



LATER...
GRRR! YOU AND YOUR PAINT! I GOT EIGHT HUNDRED QUID FOR THAT MOULDY OLD URN! I'M RICH AGAIN!
EIGHT HUNDRED QUID!!! AND HE ISN'T PLEASED!!??

BE A SMASHER AND WRITE TO SMASH!—

you'll win £1 if your letter is printed!

Dear Alf and Cos,

In your reply to Keith Pearce's letter (Smash No. 46) you said, what could you do now that all the Hulk sweatshirts have gone, so I will tell you. Why not send an order to Marvel Comics Group for a few (hundred) tee-shirts and sweatshirts for you to sell in your comics, namely WHAM, SMASH and POW?

You could print an order-form in each of your comics and state the price of each shirt with it.

I enclose with this letter a drawing of the tee-shirts which can be bought in America. (This drawing of the shirts was cut from a Marvel comic.)

Please consider this suggestion as I am sure it would be the answer to your troubles.

Alan Jones,
Queensferry, Flintshire.

P.S.—I am sure other Smash readers would agree with my idea.
P.P.S.—So *please* get on that phone and get those shirts. (Note: Please reproduce cutting attached herewith.)

By the Bristling Beard of Odin!—You must have been reading our minds, Alan! Because we're trying to arrange the very thing that you suggest. As soon as we have news, we'll publish it.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I picked up an issue of "Smash" which my sister had bought and was surprised to see how many of the "Marvel Comics super heroes" you had crammed into one comic and how you had also added a touch of humour. However, I have one grouse which is why can you not have the super heroes pages in colour, as I have grown accustomed to things such as a green "Hulk" and an orange "Thing".

P.S.—In the "Man from B.U.N.G.L.E." you name a villain Dr. Goole and I thought this amusing as Goole is the name of my home town.

Stephen Ellis, Goole, Yorks.

Stephen—there's only one thing that's preventing us from portraying all our happy-go-lucky heroes in colour—and that's money! If we published our merry mags in full colour for only one month, we'd be in the red at the bank for the rest of the year! So—since it has to be black and white or nothing, black and white it has to be. But let's all console ourselves with the thought that it's probably more restful to the eyes!

Alf and Cos.

* * * * *

Dear Favourite Editors of the best comic in the world,

In issue No. 44, Stephen Oakden wrote in and said that since he started getting SMASH none of the features had been dropped.

I would like to inform him that *three* have been dropped. My favourites too! They were: Brian's Brain, Space Jinx, and the Telebugs. I am very angry about this. Please bring them back.

I wrote this letter in red because it is the nearest colour I can get to the "Human Torch". I think he's great, I have got the Smash Annual 1967, but I can't get Wham. I have drawn the cover of it three times, because it is so nice.

Yours faithfully (fully is right),
Joe Lafferty,
Stroud Green, London, N.4.

You had us fooled with that red ink at first. We thought your letter had been written in blood! But those nice things you said about us made it a red letter day for us. (Ouch!) And here in the garret we've voted you a real good Joe—and that's just about the highest award we give!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I have had SMASH ever since number two and I like it as much as my brother, Richard. I bet millions of readers think "The Hulk" is the best feature in SMASH. But I think everything is very good in SMASH and not one feature is better than any other. But—it's a big "but"—one thing that SMASH has not got is a "non-picture" story. With this added I think SMASH would be unbeatable.

Stephen Potts,
Barrow-on-Soar,
Leicestershire.

You could be right about the "non-picture story" suggestion, Stephen. Maybe the other readers would like to let us know whether or not they would like a written story in the mag. In the meantime we'll sit back and wait.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Referring to your trick in Mister Knowall in Smash No. 48, about the cork rising up the water when lighted. One of you must be a scientist! Because just last week we (our class) were doing experiments in the lab., when our teacher showed us this. Actually this is because burning uses up one-fifth of the air. This also applies in rusting!

I have also a trick for Mr. Knowall. Get a ball-bearing (steel preferably) and a ring into which this fits exactly. Then get a safety match, light it and put it near the ball, then try to put it through the ring. It won't go!

Yours chemically,
M. McDonald,
L. Derry, N. Ireland.

P.S.—The boys call me lucky but I'll never get this letter printed, it's only a nick-name.

Dear Lucky,

Like we always say—what we do today the rest of the world does tomorrow. And this applies to your science class, Mac.

Alf and Cos.

P.S.—What do you do about a steel ball-bearing that's stuck just inside a ring?

* *

Dear Alf and Cos,

I have read your fab. comic, SMASH, for the first time. I already get two comics each week but I have every intention of giving these two up just for that super comic, SMASH. My parents and I think it is the best comic I have ever had.

Graham Ruddiff,
Bramton, Yorks.

That burning sensation around your ears, Graham, is brought about by us saying "Welcome" to the Power Pack!

From this magic moment on the world will never again be quite the same—because you're now one of us! Stay with us, Tiger—'cos we've got an awful lot of fun-living to get through yet.

And, in the meantime, smile the same secret smile as we do at all those underprivileged ones who haven't yet discovered what it's all about!

Alf and Cos.

STAMP QUIZ

Do You Know:—

1. What country has "U.A.R." on its stamps?
2. What country NEVER puts its name on its stamps?
3. Must a stamp have a "watermark" to be genuine?
4. What was the former name of "ZAMBIA"?

Prizes: 3 TRIANGULAR stamps free for each correct answer. Special packet of 15 different Triangular stamps free for 4 correct answers. Our wonderful new Special Approvals will also be sent to all applicants. (Please inform your parents)

PHILATELIC SERVICES (Dept S.H.19)
Easthington, Goole, Yorks.

NEW STAMP QUIZ 1/3 DO YOU KNOW?

1. What country has "MAGYAR POSTA" on its stamps?
2. Name any person (other than Royalty) who has appeared on British stamps.
3. What is meant by a "MINT" stamp?
4. What is the former name for "GHANA"?

Prizes: 3 stamps catalogued over 10/- FREE for each correct answer. Special packet of 12 stamps CATALOGUED OVER 50/- free for all 4 correct answers. Our superb Bargain Approvals will also be sent to all enquirers. (Please tell your parents).

UNIVERSAL STAMP COMPANY (Dept. S.N.20)
Easthington, Goole, Yorks.

Most of you love SMASH!, but if you want to love it MORE—just fill in the form and send it in with your letter. We'll take note of what you say, and you'll finish up with 28 pages of pure bliss!

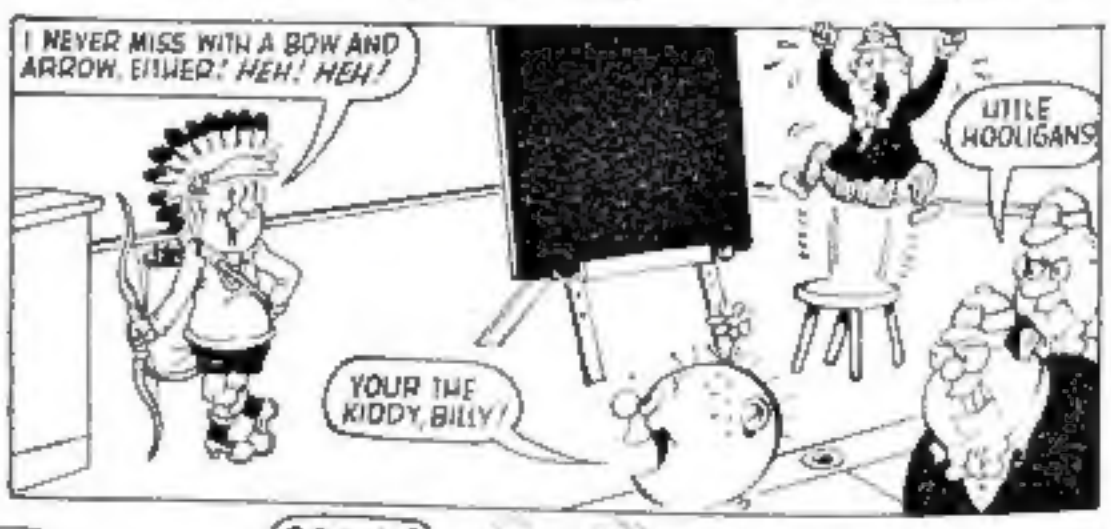
My favourite feature in SMASH! is

The feature I don't like is

To: SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

The SWOTS and the BLOTS

NOW, BOYS—I'VE GOT TO POP ALONG AND SEE THE HEADMASTER, AND I WANT NO NONSENSE WHILE I'M OUT!
NONSENSE, SIR? US, SIR? TCH! TCH!
SNORT!
PONG!
PING!



BOO-R! HIS NICE PINCHED THE CHALK!

WE CAN'T LET THE BOUNDERS GET AWAY WITH THIS!

BOO HOO! I'VE FAILED!

DOWN WITH NASTY BLOTS! UP WITH SWOTS!

RUSH-H!

'OO! OOK WHO'S GETTING BRAVE A OF A SUDDEN!

OH BRAVO, CHAPS! BRAVO!

HELP!

AAGH! IT'S AN AMBUSH!

HEH HEH! TH S CHALK MAKES SMASHING BULLETS!

OW!

RATTA-TAT! TAT!

THE BLOTS CHALK UP ANOTHER VICTORY!

THE IGNORANT OAFS THIS CHALK BULLET WILL DO FINE!

BATTLE SOUNDS!

RUSH H!

BAH CYRIL S SNAFFLED A CHALK BULLET!

OH NO YOU DON'T YOU ROTTEN SNEAK!

ZOOM-M!

ERK!

GRAB!

AAGH! SAVE ME SOMEONE!

ZOOM-M!

CRASH!

YEOW!

NAUGHTY OLD CYRIL MAKING A NOISE LIKE THAT! WHAT WILL TEACHER SAY?

WELL CYRIL - DID YOU P... DOWN THE NAMES OF ALL THE NAUGHTY ONES ON THE BLACKBOARD?

SILENCE!

WHAT BLACKBOARD, SIR? SNIGGER!

EEK!

HEH! HEH! SERVES HIM RIGHT! WE DON'T LIKE TELL-TALES!

GLARE!

GRRR! THOSE NASTY BLOTS ARE JUST THE END!

SWOON!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

AS THE LATEST CHAPTER OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST ADVENTURE SERIAL OPENS, WE FIND THE INCRED BLE **HULK** TRAPPED IN AN IRON CURTAIN NATION, WHERE HE HAS JUST BEEN BEFRIENDED BY ONE LONE FREEDOM-LOVING SCIENTIST!

HOWEVER STEALING UP BEHIND THEM IS THE FANATICAL COMMANDANT OF THE ENEMY'S WEAPONS TESTING CENTRE, AIMING A DEADLY *PROTON GUN* POINT BLANK AT HIS TARGET!

"THE POWER OF DOCTOR BANNER!"

I'VE TREATED YOUR WOUND! THE VAPOUR RAY WILL NO LONGER INFECT YOUR BLOODSTREAM!

NOW YOU MUST *CONTINUE* TO SMASH THESE TYRANTS!

YOU GO, HULK. HULK WALKS *ALONE!*

© Marvel Comic Group 1965

NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU NOW! *DEATH* TO THE GREEN-SKINNED BRUTE!

HULK! IT'S THE *COMMANDANT!* HE MUST *NOT* DESTROY YOU!

WHAT IS THAT FOOL SCIENTIST *DOING?!*

WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT THE OLDER MAN HURLS *HIMSELF* FULL INTO THE PATH OF THE DEADLY PROTON BEAM, DEFIANCE RINGING FROM HIS LIPS!

MY USEFULNESS S OVER! BUT THE *HULK* MUST CONTIN E TO F GHT FOR BERTY!

YOU'LL NEVER DEFEAT FREE MEN! *NEVER! NEVER!*

UNHHHH...

HE MUST HAVE BEEN *INSANE* TO GIVE UP HIS LIFE FOR THAT MONSTER!

MUST WA T AN HOUR BETWEEN PROTON BURSTS! I'LL RETURN TO THE *HULK LATER!*

MEANWHILE...

THANKS TO YOU, I-- SHALL NOT-- DIE A *SLAVE*--!

DEAD! SAVED *MY* LIFE! DIED FOR *HULK!*

SLOWLY, THE CLOUDY BRAIN OF THE HUMAN GOLIATH REMEMBERS HOW THE DEAD MAN HAD CLEANSED HIS WOUND EARLIER... AND NOW HAS MADE THE FINAL SACRIFICE! AND, AS HE REMEMBERS, STARK *RAGE* FILLS HIS WILDLY PUMPING HEART!

WAS FRIEND! DIED FOR HULK!

THEY KILLED HULK'S FRIEND! *THEY KILLED HULK'S FRIEND!*

BRAKKK!

NOW IT IS *HULK'S* TURN!

SAVAGELY THE TOWERING TITAN PURSUES HIS FLEEING FOE MAKING UP IN RAW *POWER* WHAT HE LACKS IN CUNNING AND SPEED!

BRRUMM

NO ONE ESCAPES HULK!

HULK WILL *FIND!* HULK WILL *DESTROY!*

WHAT TERRIBLE RAMPAGING MENACE HAS BEEN LOOSED IN OUTLAND! HIS POWER, HIS *RAGE*, THEY'RE UNIMAGINABLE

THUMP STOMP THUMP

WHOOM

NONE CAN HIDE FROM *HULK!*

HE'S TEARING THE BUILDING APART WITH HIS BARE HANDS! HE'LL FIND ME WITHIN MINUTES!

HE'LL SHOW ME NO MERCY! HE *KNOWS* THE EVIL THINGS I'VE DONE!

BUT THE MORE THE HULK RAGES, THE FASTER HIS HEART BEATS, THE HIGHER HIS BLOOD PRESSURE RISES...

UNTIL IT REACHES THE CRUCIAL POINT WHICH TRIGGERS THE MOST AMAZING TRANSFORMATION IN MEDICAL HISTORY

ARMS GETTING TIRED... NO! NOT NOW!

AND THEN, REALISATION SLOWLY DAWNS IN HIS BRUTISH BRAIN..

MUSTN'T CHANGE! MUSTN'T STOP BEING HULK! *NO!* *NO!*

BUT THE HARDER HE TRIES TO FIGHT THE INEVITABLE, THE FASTER HIS HEART BEATS, AND THE SOONER THE CHANGE OCCURS...

THE POUNDING IS GROWING WEAKER! WHAT CAN HAVE *HAPPENED* TO HIM?

CAN'T STOP NOW, CAN'T LET HIM ESCAPE

CAN'T--CAN'T--!

AND EVEN AS THE EXHAUSTED NUCLEAR SCIENTIST WHO *WAS* THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL, SAGS TO THE GROUND A POWERFUL ARMOURED FORCE RUMBLES TO THE SCENE..

IT IS *MADNESS*, SENDING SO LARGE A TASK FORCE MERELY TO BATTLE ONE FREEDOM FIGHTER!

FOOL! HAVE YOU NEVER HEARD OF--THE *HULK?!!*

MEANTIME, BEHIND LOCKED DOORS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC, A TENSE, TOP-LEVEL CONFERENCE IS TAKING PLACE..

IF THE REPORTS ARE TRUE, BRUCE BANNER IS SOMEWHERE BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN! THIS IS *DISASTROUS!*

BANNER IS ONE OF OUR *TOP* ATOMIC SCIENTISTS! HE MUST BE RESCUED--OR *SILENCED!* HE MUST NEVER TELL THEM WHAT HE *KNOWS* OF OUR DEFENCES!

SIR! I WISH TO VOLUNTEER TO GO BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN AND DO WHAT MUST BE DONE TO PROTECT OUR SECURITY!

REPLY *NEGATIVE*, MAJOR TALBOT! IT IS TOO RISKY! IT COULD CREATE A DANGEROUS INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT!

BUT I COULD RESIGN MY COMMISSION GO AS A CIVILIAN!

REQUEST DENIED! WE ARE SORRY, MAJOR!

DON'T BLAME YOURSELF MAJOR TALBOT! YOU *WARNED* US THAT BANNER WAS A SECURITY RISK

THAT'S WHY I *REALLY* WANTED THIS MISSION! THEY'LL *NEVER* BELIEVE HE'S A TRAITOR UNLESS I BRING THEM *PROOF!*

ALTHOUGH THERE'S STILL A CHANCE THAT HE'S MERELY A *CAPTIVE* OF A FOREIGN POWER!

AND MOST OF ALL I MUST CONVINCE *BETTY ROSS* OF HIS GUILT, IN ORDER TO WIN HER LOVE!

SOME TIME LATER, AT THE COMMAND HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS...

DAD, HAS THERE BEEN ANY WORD ABOUT BRUCE BANNER YET?

JUST A MINUTE, BETTY! I'M GETTING A REPORT RIGHT NOW!

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY!? REPEAT IT AGAIN, WORD FOR WORD! I SEE--NO, THERE ARE NO FURTHER ORDERS AT THIS TIME!

DAD! WHAT IS IT!?

BANNER IS RELIABLY REPORTED TO BE BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN! THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT WILL NOT RULE OUT THE THEORY THAT HE HAS *DEFECTED* TO A HOSTILE POWER!

OH NO! NO!

I *NEVER* LIKED HIM! NEVER THOUGHT HE WAS MAD ENOUGH FOR YOU! HIM AND HIS BLASTED TEST-TUBES--HIS MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES--HIS SECRETS THAT HE ALWAYS KEPT TO HIMSELF! AND YET, I NEVER THOUGHT HE'D TURN TRAITOR!

BUT, HOW CAN WE BE *SURE*!? PERHAPS THERE'S AN *EXPLANATION*!

THERE'S ONLY *ONE* EXPLANATION, BETTY--THE MAN IS NOTHING MORE THAN A *SPY*! YOU'VE GOT TO *ACCEPT* IT!

GLENN! YOU--YOU THINK SO, TOO!?

IT'S BETTER THAT YOU LEARN IT NOW, BETTY! WHAT IF YOU HAD *MARRIED* HIM!?

CAN *THAT* BE WHY HE NEVER PROPOSED TO ME--NEVER SPOKE OF OUR FUTURE TOGETHER?

I KNOW IT'S DIFFICULT FOR YOU, BETTY! BUT, TIME HEALS ALL WOUNDS! YOU'LL GET OVER HIM, MY DEAR!

OH NO! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! NOT BRUCE! NOT THE MAN I *LOVE*!

YOU'VE BEEN A GOOD FRIEND, GLENN! YOU WARNED US ABOUT HIM FROM THE START! I WON'T FORGET THAT!

AND, IN STILL ANOTHER PART OF THE COUNTRY WE FIND THE MYSTERIOUS MASTER OF AN HYPER NATIONAL SPY NETWORK. "THE GREEN SKINNED VICTIM OF A GAMMA RAY EXPLOSION WHICH GAVE HIM ONE OF THE GREATEST BRAINS ON EARTH. THE MAN KNOWN SIMPLY AS "THE *LEADER*."

ONCE AGAIN I HAVE FAILED TO CAPTURE THE HULK! BUT I SHALL NEVER CEASE TRYING!

HE *MUST* BE MADE TO JOIN ME! OR ELSE HE MUST BE--*ELIMINATED*!

WE ARE THE ONLY TWO GREEN-SKINNED MEN ON EARTH! HIS POWER, TOO MUST STEM FROM A GAMMA EXPLOSION! WE WERE *DESTINED* TO BECOME ALLIES! MY SUPREME INTELLECT MUST COMBINE WITH HIS LIMITLESS STRENGTH!

WHEREVER THE HULK IS, *BANNER* IS ALWAYS NEAR AT HAND! IN SOME STRANGE WAY, BRUCE BANNER IS THE *KEY* TO THE HULK!

I'LL CONTACT MY TOP LIEUTENANT, THE *CHAMELEON*! HE HAS BEEN ASSIGNED TO STEAL MILITARY SECRETS FROM BANNER'S AERO-SPACE UNIT!

HE SHOULD KNOW OF THE SCIENTIST'S WHEREABOUTS!

SECONDS LATER..

I WAS JUST ABOUT TO CONTACT *YOU*, LEADER! BANNER IS MISSING! HE IS REPORTED BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN! THE HIGH COMMAND BELIEVES HE MIGHT HAVE *DEFECTED*!

I SHALL CONTACT THE WOULD-BE CONQUERORS WHO ARE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO THINK THAT THE LEADER WORKS ONLY FOR THEM!

AHH! COMRADE LEADER! WHAT HAVE YOU TO REPORT?

NOTHING, AT THIS TIME, COMMISSAR! I REQUIRE INFORMATION ABOUT THE AMERICAN SCIENTIST, DR BANNER!

AH YES--BANNER! A MOST INTERESTING CASE! YOU MIGHT CONSIDER HIM OUR "GUEST" AT THE MOMENT!

HE IS AT OUR WEAPONS TESTING CENTRE NEAR THE SEA!

GOOD! THEN THAT IS WHERE I SHALL FIND THE *HULK*, AS WELL!

WHAT!? HOW DID YOU KNOW!? IT IS OUR MOST CLOSELY GUARDED SECRET!

THERE CAN BE NO SECRETS FROM THE *LEADER*!

WITHOUT A WORD, THE EVIL GENIUS BREAKS TV CONTACT, HAVING LEARNED WHAT HE WISHED TO KNOW...

IF MY THEORY IS CORRECT, THE HULK MUST *ALSO* BE BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN, SOMEWHERE NEAR BANNER! THUS, I MUST TURN MY ATTENTION EASTWARD...!

WAIT! DO NOT BREAK CONTACT! I MUST FIND OUT HOW YOU--ARROGANT DOG! NOBODY ELSE WOULD DARE TO TREAT ME SO! SOME DAY HE SHALL GO TOO FAR! WITH HIS SUPER-BRILLIANT BRAIN, HE COULD BE MORE OF A THREAT TO US THAN AN ARMY!

BUT, THE MAN KNOWN AS THE LEADER CAN WASTE NO TIME WITH MERE ORDINARY MORTALS! HE HAS MORE CHALLENGING MATTERS TO CONSIDER...

I HAVE REACHED A DECISION! I SHALL TAKE NO ACTION YET! SOONER OR LATER BANNER AND THE HULK WILL ESCAPE ---AND I CAN DEAL WITH THEM MORE EASILY WHEN THEY RETURN TO THESE SHORES!

I SHALL CONTENT MYSELF TO MERELY WAIT-- AND OBSERVE FUTURE DEVELOPMENTS!

MEANWHILE, JET SEARCH PLANES COMB THE WEAPONS TESTING AREA IN A FUTILE ATTEMPT TO FIND THE INCREDIBLE HULK

THERE IS NO TRACE OF HIM! HE HAS SIMPLY VANISHED!

IMPOSSIBLE! HE IS SO HUGE -- WITH GREEN SKIN --IN A FOREIGN LAND! THERE'S NO WAY FOR HIM TO ELUDE US!

BUT, THERE IS ONE WAY--A WAY THAT NO RATIONAL MAN WOULD EVER DREAM OF! THE HULK HAS RETURNED TO HIS PERFECT HIDING PLACE ONCE MORE -HE HAS RETURNED TO THE IDENTITY OF BRUCE BANNER, WHO IS JUST REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS...

THIS IS ONE TIME I'D HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF TO REMAIN AS THE HULK!

AT LEAST IN THAT FORM I'D HAVE LIMITLESS STRENGTH TO HELP ME!

BUT WHAT CHANCE CAN I HAVE FOR SURVIVAL NOW? I'M ALONE DEFENCELESS IN A HOSTILE LAND!

JETS! THEY MUST BE SEARCHING FOR THE HULK!

THEY'VE SIGHTED ME! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!

THEY MUST HAVE ORDERS TO DESTROY ANYTHING THAT MOVES! AFTER THE HULK'S LAST RAMPAGE THEY'RE TAKING NO CHANCES WITH ANYONE!

RR-WEEOWW!

I CAN'T KEEP RUNNING MUCH LONGER! IT LOOKS LIKE THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE FOR ME

IF ONLY I HAD BEEN ABLE TO CLEAR MY NAME IF ONLY I COULD HAVE EXPLAINED TO BETTY! BUT NOW--IT'S TOO LATE!

IT'S TOO LATE FOR ANYTHING --EXCEPT TRYING TO DIE AS BRAVELY AS- WAIT!

THAT MAN! THAT FACE! I KNOW HIM! BUT FROM WHERE? HOW??

AND THEN, A FAINT VESTIGE OF THE HULK'S MEMORY STEALS INTO DR BANNER'S SUBCONSCIOUS AS HE RECALLS THE HEROIC EUROPEAN SCIENTIST WHO HAD DARED TO DEFY HIS CAPTORS!

YES! YES! NOW I REMEMBER

THUS UNLEASHED, THE FLOOD OF MEMORIES SURGES INTO THE TORMENTED FUGITIVE'S MIND-- MEMORIES OF THE DEAD MAN HAVING SAVED HIS OWN LIFE, WHILE HE WAS FIGHTING AS THE HULK!

HE GAVE HIS LIFE FOR MINE! AND NOW HE'S DEAD! KILLED BY THE SAME MERCILESS ONES WHO ARE NOW PURSUING ME!

AND, AS A WAVE OF UNCONTROLLABLE RAGE SURGES IN BANNER'S BREAST THE INCREDIBLE CHEMICAL CHANGE WITHIN HIS BODY BEGINS ANEW JUST AS THE GROUND IS ROCKED BY A THUNDEROUS ARTILLERY BLAST!

BA-ROOOOOM!

LIKE A LEAF IN A STORM, THE VALIANT SCIENTIST IS HURLED TOWARD A NEARBY STONE WALL--AND WHAT SEEMS TO BE HIS INEVITABLE DOOM!

BUT, IT IS NOT BRUCE BANNER WHO SMASHES INTO THE WALL WITH THE FORCE OF A PROJECTILE! INSTEAD, IT IS THE MIGHTIEST MORTAL TO WALK THE EARTH - THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

NEVER HAS MAN NOR BEAST KNOWN SUCH RAGE... SUCH LIVID FURY, AS THAT WHICH NOW FILLS THE HEART AND MIND OF THE GREEN SKINNED COLOSSUS...

NOW THE HULK STRIKES BACK!

LOOK! WE HAVE FOUND HIM!

DO NOT ALLOW H M TO ESCAPE AGAIN! STRAFE HIM AT WILL!

PUNY INSECTS! THEY COME TO K LL HULK!

NONE CAN K LL HULK!

DID YOU SEE THAT?!

HE JUMPED TO SAFETY AND NOW IT IS AS THOUGH HE ATTACKS US!

AND THE JET PILOT'S STARTLED COMMENT SOON PROVES TO BE TRUE! LIKE A SCENE IN SOME FANTASTIC NIGHTMARE, THE RAMPAGING HUMAN BEHEMOTH CRIPPLES TWO OF THE PLANES AS EFFORTLESSLY AS YOU MIGHT SWAT A FLY!

WHOK!

CLAKK!

THEN AS HE PLUMMETS BACK TO THE GROUND HIS UNBLINKING EYES SEE THE ADVANCING COLUMN OF TANKS R MB ING TOWARD THE AREA

AND HIS BURNING DESIRE FOR REVENGE--FOR PUN SHING THOSE WHO KILLED THE ONE WHO HAD BEFRIENDED H M--IS FANNED ANEW!

THOOOM!

BUT, ALAS, EVERY TALE MUST BE CONCLUDED SOMEWHERE AND WE HAVE COME TO THE END OF OURS! THUS, WE TAKE OUR LEAVE OF THE STRONGEST MORTAL TO WALK OUR PLANET

AND AS THIS CHAPTER DRAWS TO A CLOSE NO ONE CAN FORETELL THE OUTCOME OF THE HULK'S *NEXT* BATTLE! FOR, IT WILL BE ONE LONE FIGURE AGAINST THE MASSED MIGHT OF AN ARMOURED TASK FORCE! BUT, ONE LONE FIGURE WHOM THE WORLD KNOWS AND FEARS AS--THE INCREDIBLE *HULK!* DON'T DARE MISS NEXT ISSUE'S TITANIC BATTLE--YOU KNOW HOW INSECURE YOUR ABSENCE MAKES US FEEL!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

EVER since we took comics out of the steam-age by bringing out SMASH, so many of our favourite people (that's you out there!) have been clamouring for more and more MARVELous Super-heroes that we began to feel guilty about not doing just that thing. So, since it was a clear case of you all wanting something that we all want to give you, what else could we do but do something about it! And since we've always been firmly of the opinion that nothing but the best is good enough for fans such as ours we set about producing something rather special—what you might call a POWER COMIC DE LUXE!

As the weeks went by we got more and more excited about this project and now at last you have a chance to see what we've been doing so long on your behalf! It isn't quite a comic. It isn't quite a magazine. It's "FANTASTIC"! And who knows? If you race to your newsagent right this very instant and breathe the word "FANTASTIC" to him, you might even be able to buy a copy before he sells out to all those wealthy collectors of such masterpieces!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Oh, yes!—There's something else too! In every copy of FANTASTIC there's a super FREE PENNANT. And Power-Pack People will be able to make the Pennant feature any of their favourite POWER Characters. You'll see how it's all done—in FANTASTIC!

★

We'll pardon you for thinking that it's Christmas every week this year—it's just that we're finding it hard to break the habit of giving things away! Just to prove that it pays to be a Power-Pack Person, in next week's FANTASTIC there'll be a little something that will make you a privileged member of Society. The Society we're talking about is the SECRET BROTHERHOOD OF POWER, and you can always recognise a member of the Brotherhood by the scar on the inside of his wrist. You'll get your scar with next week's FANTASTIC—and all you have to do is stick it on to the inside of your wrist. Here in the garret we've all got ours. Which means that even if Jay-Jay Jackson grows a beard we'll still know it's him by the scar on his wrist!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

SMASHING — IT'S A FILM ALL ABOUT BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE AND THE REDCOATS!

SAVE ME BOY! THE REDCOATS ARE CLOSING IN FAST!

OOH HECK! WHY DO THEY ALWAYS TURN TO ME?

I SUPPOSE I'M OBLIGED TO HELP — MY GREAT GRAND-DADDY WAS A SCOTTIE — HE USED TO RECORD THE WAILING OF SICK CATS AND COMPOSE BAGPIPE TUNES OUT OF THEM

AND MY GRAND-MAMMIE USED TO MAKE PUTTY FROM SOGGY PORRIDGE AND LINSEED OIL!

ERK!

NO TIME FOR TALKING BOY WE MUST BE ON OUR WAY! I MUST *DISGUISE* MYSELF!

HELP! COME OUT OF THERE! THAT'S MY MUM'S BEDROOM!

SPLENDID! MY OWN MOTHER WOULDN'T KNOW ME!

B-BUT MY MUM WOULD! THAT'S HER SUNDAY BEST YOU'RE WEARING!

I KNOW FLORA MACDONALD HELPED HIM TO ESCAPE DISGUISED AS HER MAID — BUT *IS NOT* FLORA MACDONALD!

GOSH CHARLIE! YOUR MOTHER LOOKS YOUNGER AND MORE PRETTY EVERY DAY!

HA! WHAT A SMASHING IDEA, THIS WAS!

OH, NO! THE REDCOATS MUST HAVE COME OUT OF THE TELLY — THEY'RE ON OUR TRAIL!

RELAX! THEY'LL NEVER RECOGNISE ME!

MUST BE ONE OF BUTLIN'S REDCOATS!

CAN'T GET USED TO THESE HIGH HEELS THOUGH, CHARLIE!

WOBBLE!

STAP ME!— IT S BONN PRINCE CHARLIE HIMSE.!

GOLLY ! THEY COULDN ' AVE HAD HIGH HEELS N FLORA MACDONALD'S DAY !

HELP!

I'LL HAVE YOU NOW!

HELP!

OH NO 'D BETTER GET MUM S C OTHES BACK OR SHE LL SKIN ME A VE '

COME BACK '

COME BACK '

NO! NEVER '

WE THAT S ONE OF THEM VE GOT '

OOPS! I'VE LOST ME BOOTIES !

BAH! MISSED HIM !

HELP! HE MUST HAVE BEEN OUT TOO LONG HE S SHRINKING BACK TO TELLY SIZE

?

?

NO! NO! BONNIE PRINCE CHARL E WAS SHRUNK AS WELL!

AND HERE'S CHARLIE'S MUM! GULP!

HELP! WHAT S THAT BOY DOING WITH MY C OTHES?

YOU - YOU - LITTLE MONSTER! MY BEST CLOTHES YING IN A HEAP ON THAT F THY PAVEMENT WHAT ON EARTH HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO?

Y- YOU D NEVER BELIEVE ME

NO POCKET MONEY FOR YOU THIS WEEK, MY LAD!

BAH! I ALWAYS GET THE BLAME

GOSH THAT REDCOAT S BOOTS DIDN'T SHRINK, BECAUSE HE WASN T WEARING THEM!

LATER

GOSH! BEST PAIR OF WADERS I VE EVER HAD

NO NO! EVERYTH NG TURNED OUT FINE N THE END - DAD GAVE ME A POUND FOR THAT REDCOAT S BOOTS!

I WANT MY BOOTS! GIVE ME MY BOOTS!

IT'S FANTASTIC

A SUPER FREE GIFT IN A SUPER FANTASTIC COMIC!

ON SALE NOW

No. 1 of the paper that's DIFFERENT!

It's The Comic with the mid-Atlantic accent

It's — It's — *Heck!* —

It's just

FANTASTIC!

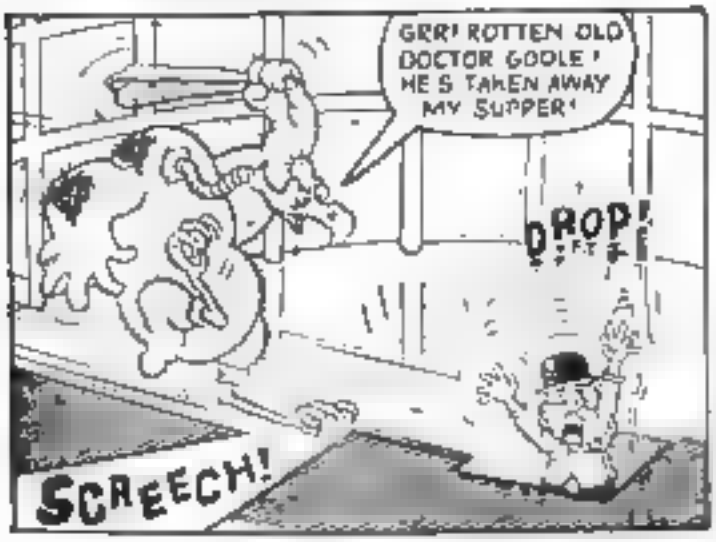
There's no other word for it!

(FOR MORE DETAILS OF THE FREE PENNANT/WALLET TURN TO THE BACK PAGE **NOW!**)

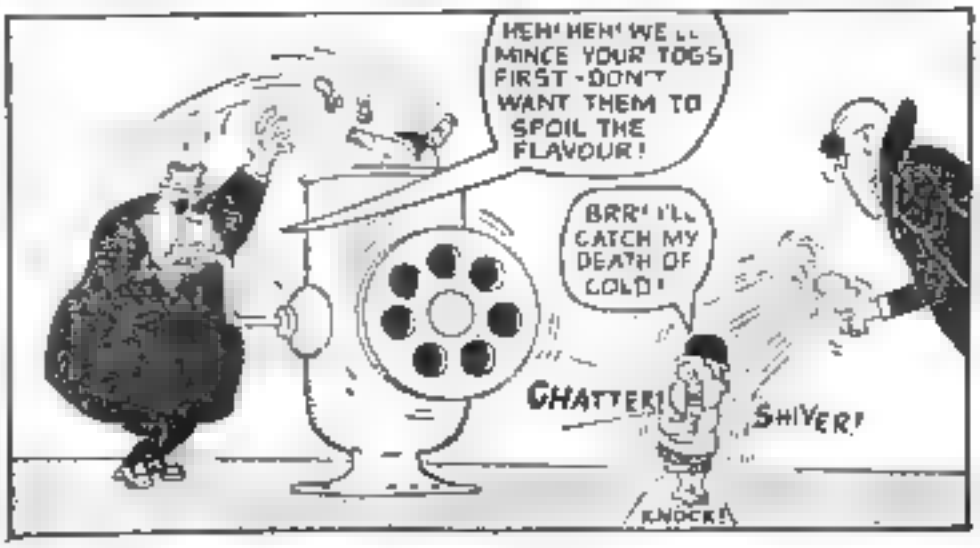
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

IN AN ATTEMPT TO FREE HIMSELF FROM DAISY DOC GOOLE'S FIENDISH VULTURE – THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E. BLOWS HER UP
GRR! DEATH TO THE ROTTEN LITTLE SPY! I'LL NEVER BE BEAUTIFUL AGAIN!
OH HECK I'D BETTER THINK OF SOMETHING QUICK! GULP!

MEANWHILE
HEH! HEH! HE NEEDN'T BOTHER – WE'VE ALREADY THOUGHT OF SOMETHING WHY SHOULD DAISY HAVE ALL THE FUN?
HERO WORSHIP
LOVE DOLL



HEH! HEH! HAVE YOU HEARD OF MINCE PIE? WELL NOW WE'RE GOING TO HAVE MINCED SPY! HEH! HEH!
INGENIOUSLY SIMPLE! NO TELL TALE BODIES TO GIVE AWAY THE GAME!
WAA-AAH! YOU CAN'T DO THAT!



MINUTES LATER ..

HEH! HEH! I'VE WIRED THAT PAGODA TO BLOW UP IN THIRTY SECONDS - BANG GOES DOCTOR GOOLE'S CURRY POWDER! HEH! HEH! HEH!

BOOOM!

THE BOSS WILL BE PROUD OF ME! I SHOULD GET A PROMOTION FOR THIS LITTLE LOT!

NOW ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS GET YOU TWO BACK TO MERRY ENGLAND, AND A NICE STIFF PRISON SENTENCE! THAT SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD!

HOWEVER, THE MAN FROM BUNGLE HAS BUNGLED AGAIN - RATTLE YOUR BRAINBOXES AND SEE IF YOU CAN THINK HOW HE COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG NOW. HAD A GOOD RATTLE? THEN DOWN YOUR PEEPERS AND CONTINUE READING - YOU MAY HAVE BEEN RIGHT!

SEE! - I HAVEN'T BUNGLED THIS WEEK!

FLAP!

OH, YEAH? THAT POOR UNSUSPECTING TWERP FORGOT ALL ABOUT HOTLIPS, THE CHINESE DRAGON, WHO, LUCKILY FOR SOME WAS BLASTED FROM THE PAGODA BY THE EXPLOSION AND NOW HURTLES DOWN TOWARDS THE RICKSHAW!

YARHOO! IT'S HOTLIPS! SHE'S COME TO SAVE US!

GREAT THING, MODERN SCIENCE!

HEH! HEH! THINGS WILL BE PRETTY HOT FOR BUNGLE NOW!

PURE!

AEE! I'VE BEEN GOT AT!

HEH! HEH! HE'S FLAMING MAD!

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN - AND NEXT TIME YOU WON'T BE SO LUCKY!

SIZZLE!

LARRY'S IN A RIGHT OLD PADDY NOW! HEH! HEH!

BACK HOME ..

WELL BOSS, I DID IT - I DESTROYED ALL THE FIENDISH CURRY POWDER! AREN'T I THE GREATEST?

WANTED

AND YOU ALSO LET DOCTOR GOOLE AND BIG BORIS ESCAPE - THEY'LL BE PLOTTING SOMETHING NEW THIS VERY MINUTE!

CRUMP!

I must not let them escape!
I must not let them escape!
I must not let them escape!

WHAT A LIFE! THE BOSS GAVE ME A HUNDRED LINES! THIS NEVER HAPPENS TO JAMES BOND!

HARD LINES! BUT THAT SHOULD KEEP BUNGLE OUT OF TROUBLE - TILL NEXT WEEK!

MEET... Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

PREPARE to perform the weight-lifting act of the century, Knowalls! And if this isn't real magic, it's pretty close to it. With the help of three mates *you are going to lift the heaviest victim you can find* with TWO FINGERS!

And, that's not all—after a bit of practice you'll be able to lift him right above your heads in the chair he's sitting on as though he is as light as a feather.

Here's how it's done . . .

Seat your victim in a chair, with you and your mates beside each chair-leg. Begin by placing your right hand (palm down) on your victim's head — and one after another, tell your mates to put their right hands on yours. Now place your left hand on top of the pile of hands already formed and tell the others to lay theirs on yours.

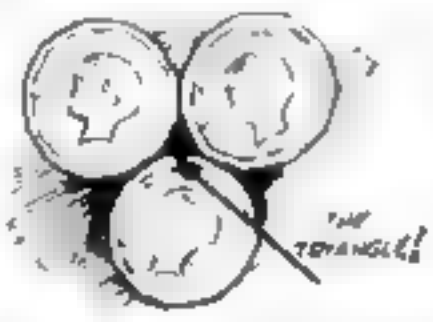
With all of your hands on his head, you all press down for a few seconds (Careful! Don't push him off the chair!) while you mutter a few well-chosen magic words like "Toad-in-the-hole" under your breath.

Then, one by one, starting from the top, you alternately *slide* your hands from your victim's head . . . and now for the miracle! With each of you placing TWO fingers under the seat at each corner, you will lift your astounded victim, chair and all, into the air.

The smaller your helpers and the bigger your victim the better. Also the *faster* you slide off your hands to pick up the chair the better. The trick will improve each time you do it.

DATE-LINES!

Give your mates three threepenny bits and ask them to make a triangle with them. My drawing shows how easy it is!



Now ask someone to take a coin from his pocket and, without seeing it, you will tell them the date.

You'll tell them the date, all right—February 1967!—Now RUN before the penny drops!

SPOON-SPIN

And now for my next miracle . . .

Ever tried to spin a teaspoon balanced on a pin-point without touching it? You haven't? I'm not surprised.

The balancing part isn't too difficult. Use a drawing pin turned upside down, and carefully place your spoon on it as close to the centre as you can.

But now you use your secret Knowall know-how to make the spoon actually spin without touching it . . .

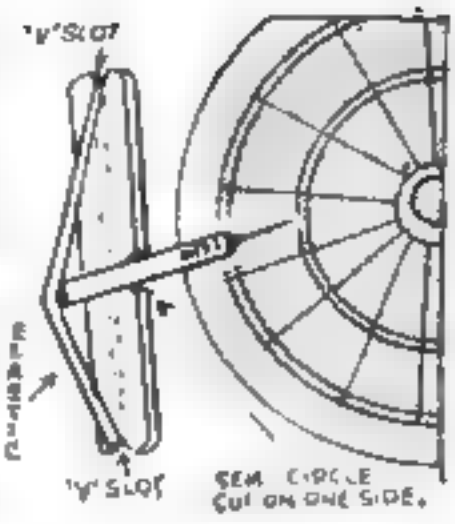
Rub a ball point pen hard on your coat-sleeve for a few seconds, then holding it over the spoon, move it round in circles. Sure enough, the spoon will spin as fast as you want without falling off!

FANCY yourself as an archer? Then here's a super indoor game to play with your dartboard for the target.

First you'll have to make your bows and arrows. All you need for these are some old ice lolly sticks and elastic bands. My drawing shows how to put them together.

Wooden meat skewers or thin wooden pencils cut in half with a pin bound tightly to the end of each with strong thread and Sellotape make smashing arrows.

But just as you wouldn't throw a dart at anyone, don't aim your bow at anything—except the dartboard.



CRAZY CARTOON FROM JOAN CARTER, BIRMINGHAM.

Ever seen a pencil move without touching it? Hold it up in front of your eyes. Now blink one eye after another for a few seconds and watch what happens.

£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else!

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

.....

The Feature I don't like is:

.....

My age is: .....

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

DEEP CARTOON FROM R. KNOWLES, LONDON

144 DIFFERENT STAMPS FREE!

Just fill in the coupon below and we will send you a wonderful packet of 144 different stamps FREE OF CHARGE together with a selection of Approvals.

Please enclose 4d. postage.

Tell your parents you are writing.

Please send Free Gifts and Approvals as advertised in SMASH

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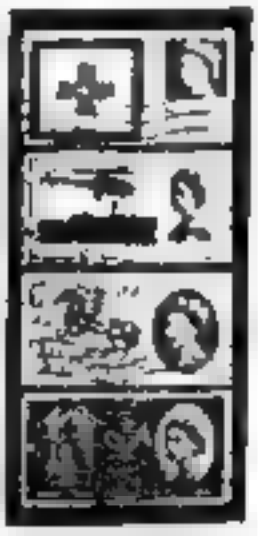


Includes First Coronation stamp; 1958 Dragon Policy's Nature Week, Red Cross Centenary; N.P.F. Map stamp, and many other big Great Britain Stamps. Flowers, Sports, Animals, Famous Men, etc. All Large—all genuine.

Approvals will also be sent. Just fill in the coupon below and enclose 4d. stamp for postage. Please tell your parents you are writing.

TO JET STAMPS MUCH WENLOCK (Dept. G9) SALOP

PLEASE SEND ME THE FREE GREAT BRITAIN PACKET AND APPROVALS. ENCLOSE 4d. POSTAGE.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

ROLLO STOWES AND DANNY CHARTERS HAVE TRAVELLED BACK IN TIME TO TEST THE LEGEND OF THE MAGIC ORB OF MERLIN—THE ORB WHICH IS NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE RUTHLESS BLACK SHIELD ..
ROLLO AND DANNY ARE BLACK SHIELDS ARCHERS—AND BLACK SHIELD, WITH THE AID OF THE ORB IS JUST COMPLETING THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE ULTIMATE WEAPON OF THE FUTURE!

BLACK SHIELD! WHAT IS THIS STRANGE THING WE HAVE MADE?

IN CENTURIES TO COME IT WILL BE KNOWN AS MANKIND'S MOST TERRIBLE MOST DEVASTATINGLY DESTRUCTIVE WEAPON OF WAR! I WILL BE CALLED—A NUCLEAR BOMB!

NOTE THE KNOWLEDGE OF HOW TO MAKE THIS DEADLY WEAPON HAS BEEN REVEALED TO BLACK SHIELD BY THE ORB—AND THE METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION IS A FAR SIMPLER ONE THAN THAT KNOWN IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

GOOD! AT LAST IT IS COMPLETE! STRAP IT CAREFULLY UPON YOUR HORSE!

RIDE NOW TO CAMELOT—AND CONCEAL THE DEVICE CLOSE TO THE CITY WALLS

I SHALL NOT FAIL YOU BLACK SHIELD

ALL THAT DAY BLACK SHIELD'S MESSENGER RIDES WITH HIS EVIL BURDEN.. UNTIL HE AT LAST REACHES CAMELOT HOME OF KING ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE

NOW FOR THE FINAL—THE MOST IMPORTANT—PART OF MY TASK!

UNSEEN, HE PLACES BLACK SHIELD'S TERRIBLE CREATION CLOSE TO THE CITY WALL ...

AND WHILE ALL THESE AWESOME HAPPENINGS ARE TAKING PLACE ROLLO AND DANNY ARE STILL IMPRISONED WITHIN BLACK SHIELD'S CASTLE ..

TWO WEEKS HAVE PASSED SINCE WE WERE IMPRISONED HERE, AND IN ALL THAT TIME BLACK SHIELD HAS TAKEN CARE TO GIVE US NOT THE SLIGHTEST CHANCE OF ESCAPE!

QUIET DANNY! LOOK AT THE DOOR! IS IT MY IMAGINATION—OR IS IT MOVING?

SLOWLY THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN—TO REVEAL THE PALE AND FRIGHTENED FEATURES OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL!

WHEEW! A GIRL! AM SEEING THINGS?—OR ARE YOU REAL?

I AM ROWENA—BLACK SHIELD'S WARD! AND I AM HERE TO HELP YOU! I KNEW YOU WERE IMPRISONED HERE—AND TOOK THE KEY WHEN NO GUARDS WERE ABOUT!

I'M SO FRIGHTENED! I HEARD BLACK SHIELD PLANNING! HE HAS SOME TERRIBLE THING WHICH HE CALLS A NUCLEAR BOMB!

A NUCLEAR BOMB!

WHERE IS BLACK SHIELD NOW?

LOCKED IN HIS CHAMBER! BUT I CAN TAKE YOU THERE! I KNOW OF A SECRET WAY IN!

IN HIS CHAMBER, BLACK SHIELD GLOATS OVER HIS TRIUMPH TO-COME...

THE BOMB SHOULD NOW BE AT CAMELOT! AND WITHIN IT IS A TIME DEVICE WHICH WILL SET IT OFF! NOTHING NOW CAN PREVENT IT FROM EXPLODING—AND CAMELOT, KING ARTHUR AND ALL HIS KNIGHTS WILL BE DESTROYED!

AND YOU, BLACK SHIELD, SHALL THEN AT LAST BE RULER OF THIS REALM!

BUT BLACK SHIELD'S SINISTER THOUGHTS ARE INTERRUPTED AS PART OF THE STONE WALL OF THE CHAMBER SWINGS OPEN...

WHAT...?

THE TWO PRISONERS! THEY HAVE ESCAPED!...BUT NOT FOR LONG!

BLACK SHIELD'S BURLY COMPANION LEAPS FORWARD—TO BE MET BY ROLLO'S HARD FIST!

UNNNH!

I'VE BEEN WAITING TO DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT EVER SINCE I GOT INTO THIS CENTURY!

I SHOULD HAVE KILLED YOU BEFORE! BUT NOW I SHALL MAKE GOOD THAT MISTAKE!

BY A HAIRSBREADTH ROLLO DODGES THE MURDEROUS SWIPE...

HERE, ROLLO! —CATCH!

NOW, BLACK SHIELD...!

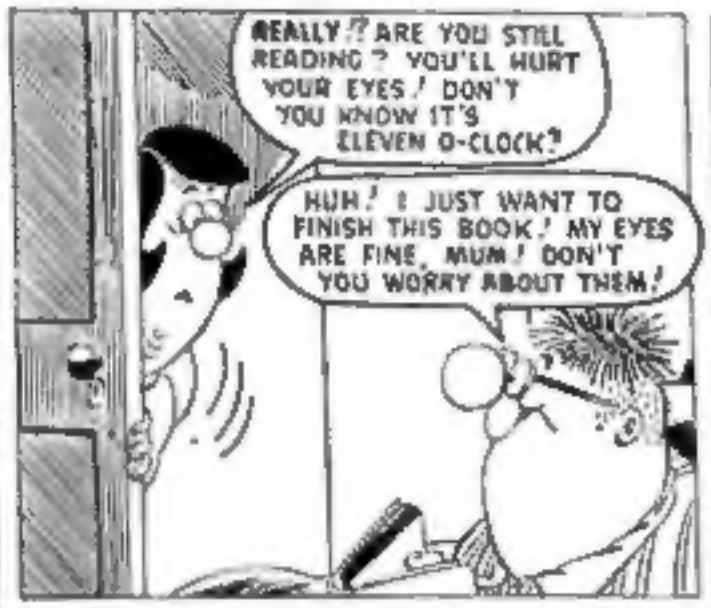
...MAY THE BEST MAN WIN!

BUT AS THAT DRAMATIC DUEL TO THE DEATH IS FOUGHT OUT IN BLACK SHIELD'S CASTLE, EACH PASSING SECOND BRINGS EVER CLOSER THE MOMENT OF DOOM FOR EVERY LIVING THING WITHIN THE REALM! THE MOMENT WHEN BLACK SHIELD'S HORRIFYING CREATION REACHES POINT ZERO!

IF YOU'RE SAYING TO YOURSELF "AW—IT CAN'T HAPPEN" —THEN NEXT WEEK'S INSTANT-SHOCK INSTALMENT IS GOING TO PROVE YOU WRONG! BECAUSE IT DOES HAPPEN —JUST THE WAY YOU THINK IT COULDN'T!

THE NERVS

GOSH! FATTY'S LIGHT IS ON! WE MUST STILL BE AWAKE!

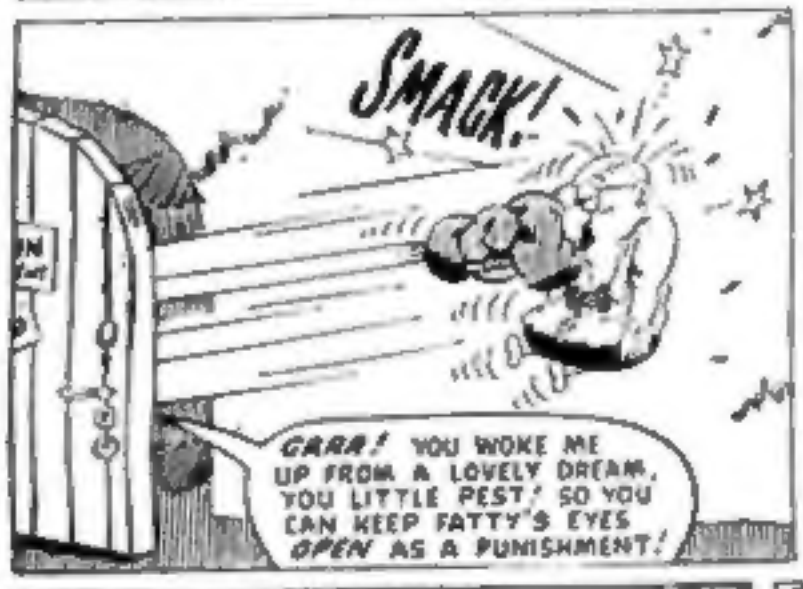

REALLY!? ARE YOU STILL READING? YOU'LL HURT YOUR EYES! DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S ELEVEN O-CLOCK?
HUH! I JUST WANT TO FINISH THIS BOOK! MY EYES ARE FINE, MUM! DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THEM!

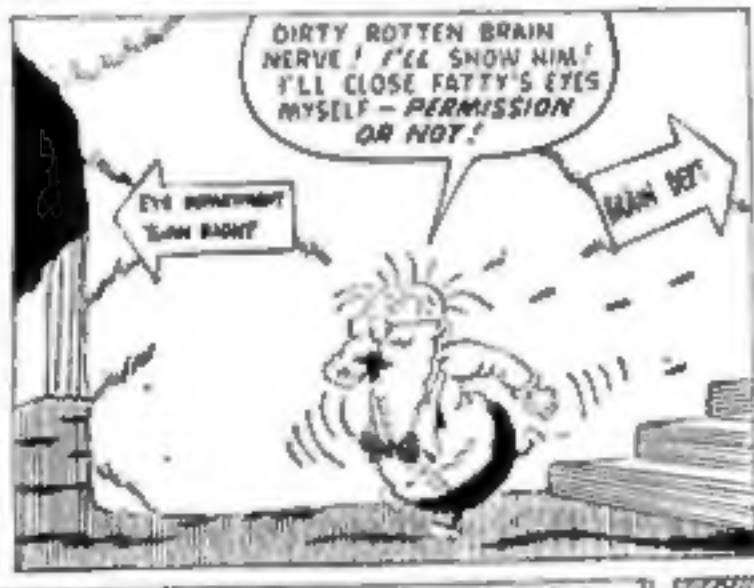
IN FATTY'S EYE DEPARTMENT...
EYE
JUST LISTEN TO HIM! DON'T WORRY, INDEED! WE SHOULD HAVE BEEN IN OUR BEDS AGES AGO!
YES! IT'S NOT RIGHT MAKING US WORK AT THIS TIME OF THE NIGHT!

BAH! I'VE HAD ENOUGH! I'M GOING TO SEE THE BRAIN NERVS AND GET PERMISSION TO CLOSE HIS BLINKING EYES! THAT'LL STOP HIM READING!

OUTSIDE THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT...
BRAIN
ZZZZ!
SNORRRE!
GRUNT!
HUH! JUST LISTEN TO 'EM! IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR THEM! SLEEPING LIKE BABIES!

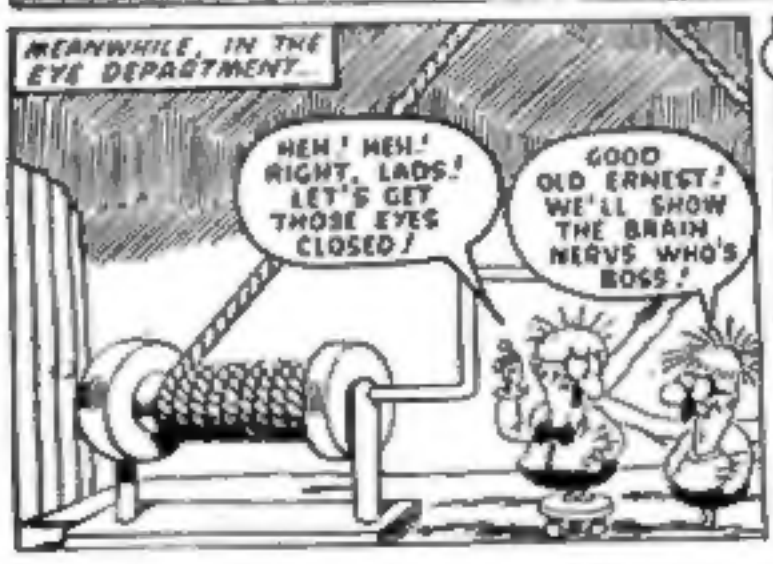
ER—IS IT O.K. IF WE SHUT UP SHOP FOR THE NIGHT? CAN WE CLOSE FATTY'S EYES?
WHEEZE!
SNORE!
GRUNT!
ZZZZ

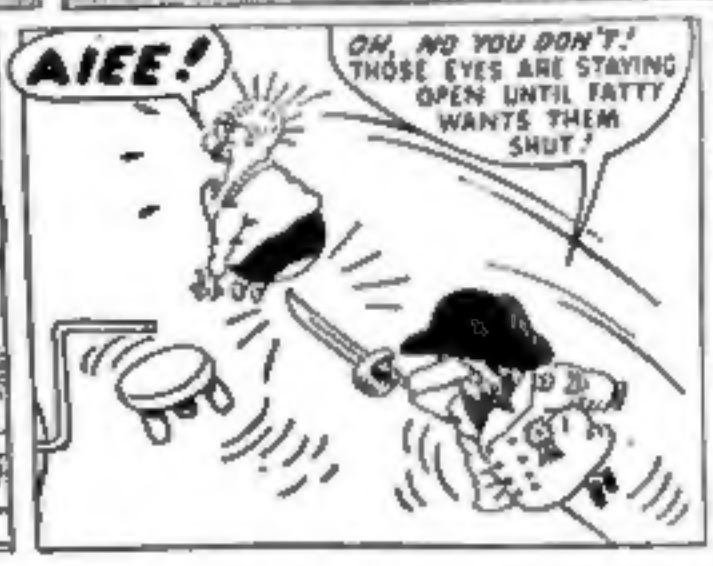

SMACK!
GRRR! YOU WOKE ME UP FROM A LOVELY DREAM, YOU LITTLE PEST! SO YOU CAN KEEP FATTY'S EYES OPEN AS A PUNISHMENT!


DIRTY ROTTEN BRAIN NERVE! I'LL SNOW HIM! I'LL CLOSE FATTY'S EYES MYSELF — PERMISSION OR NOT!
EYE DEPARTMENT 'SLAM RIGHT
BRAIN DEPT.

BUT THE BRAIN NERV IS ONE STEP AHEAD OF ERNEST EYE NERV...

HELLO! IS THAT THE NERV ARMY? SEND LITTLE CORPORAL NAPOLEAN UP TO THE EYE DEPARTMENT! I'VE A FEELING THERE'S A MUTINY IN THE OFFING!
PLENTY OF BRIEF!


MEANWHILE, IN THE EYE DEPARTMENT...
HEH! HEH! RIGHT, LADS! LET'S GET THOSE EYES CLOSED!
GOOD OLD ERNEST! WE'LL SHOW THE BRAIN NERVS WHO'S BOSS!


AIEE!
OH, NO YOU DON'T! THOSE EYES ARE STAYING OPEN UNTIL FATTY WANTS THEM SHUT!

EYE
BAH! HE'S STILL ONLY AT PAGE 102!

HEH! HEH! MAYBE IF I MAKE OLD FATSO'S EYES BLOODSHOT HE'LL STOP READING!

EYE BALL

RED

OH, NO YOU DON'T! CUT THAT OUT! THAT'S AGAINST THE RULES! GIVE IT TO ME!

BAH! HERE COMES OLD SPOILSPORT!

RED

TEE! HEE! IF HE WANTS IT—HE CAN HAVE IT!

RED

AAGH!

HO! HO! WELL DONE, ERIC!

THAT'LL TEACH THE TWERP!

SKID!

AAGH! HELP!

TEAR TANK

OOPS! I'VE PIERCED THE TEAR TANK!

STAB!

WHOOSH!

TEAR TANK

WAA-AAH! HELP!

HO, HO! FATTY WON'T LIKE THIS! NOW MAYBE HE'LL SHUT HIS EYES!

LOOKS LIKE THE EYE NERV WAS RIGHT, EH—?

OH, DEAR! I'LL REALLY HAVE TO STOP READING— MY EYES ARE WATERING LIKE MAD!

GOOD NIGHT, READERS!

BACK IN THE EYE DEPARTMENT—

EYE

YAHOO! WE CAN GO TO SLEEP NOW! FATTY'S CLOSING HIS EYES BY HIMSELF!

GOOD OLD NAPOLEON!

GRRR!

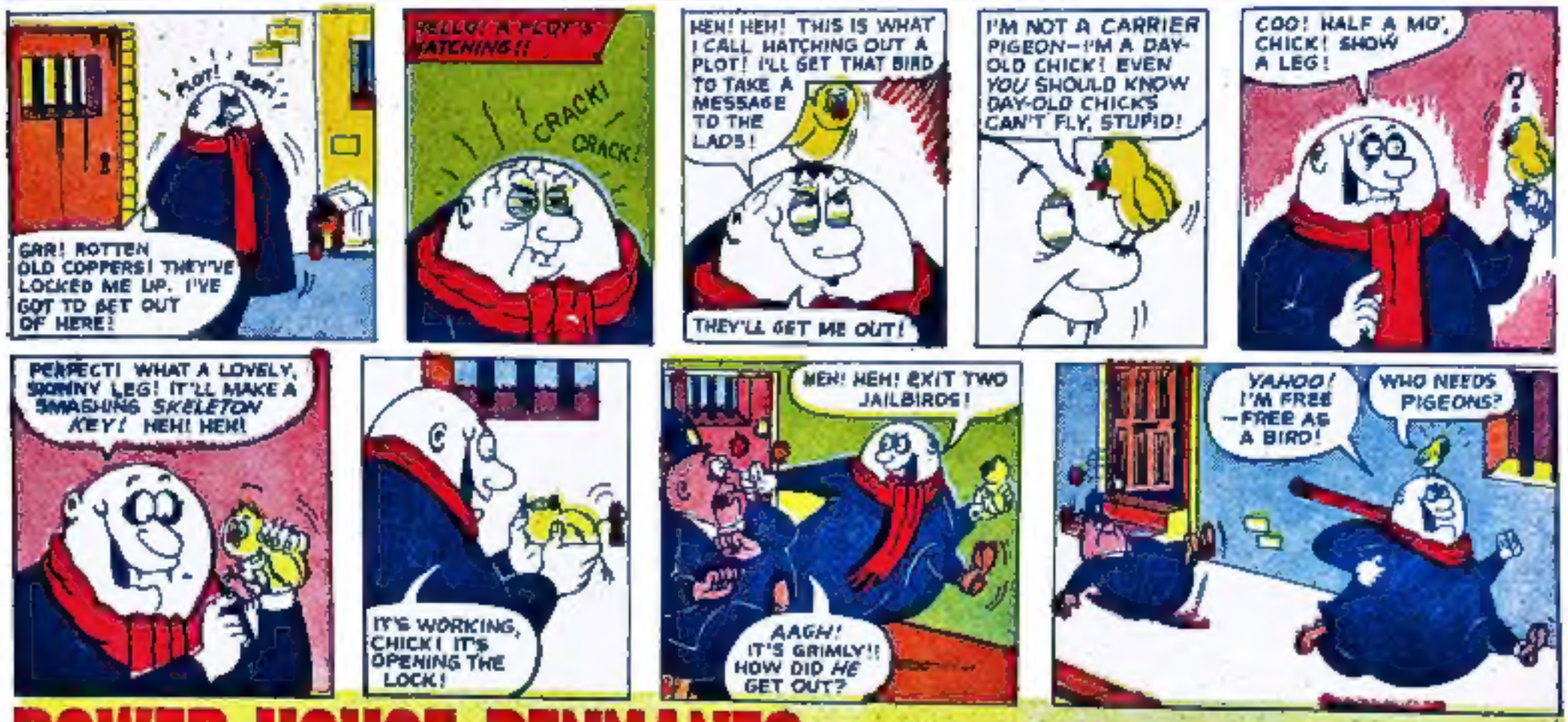
GOODNIGHT, NAPOLEON! HEH! HEH!

BETTER HAVE THAT LOT MOPPED UP BY THE MORNING! HA! HA!

BAH! IT'S NOT FAIR! GRRR!

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD


PLOT!
GAH! ROTTEN OLD COPPERS! THEY'VE LOCKED ME UP. I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
HELLO! A PLOT'S HATCHING!!
CRACK!
CRACK!
HEH! HEH! THIS IS WHAT I CALL HATCHING OUT A PLOT! I'LL GET THAT BIRD TO TAKE A MESSAGE TO THE LADS!
THEY'LL GET ME OUT!
I'M NOT A CARRIER PIGEON—I'M A DAY-OLD CHICK! EVEN YOU SHOULD KNOW DAY-OLD CHICKS CAN'T FLY, STUPID!
COO! HALF A MO', CHICK! SHOW A LEG!
?
PERFECT! WHAT A LOVELY, SKINNY LEG! IT'LL MAKE A SMASHING SKELETON KEY! HEH! HEH!
IT'S WORKING, CHICK! IT'S OPENING THE LOCK!
HEH! HEH! EXIT TWO JAILBIRDS!
AAGH! IT'S GRIMLY!! HOW DID HE GET OUT?
YAHOO! I'M FREE —FREE AS A BIRD!
WHO NEEDS PIGEONS?

POWER-HOUSE PENNANTS

Who is YOUR favourite Power Comic character? The Hulk?—The Thing? — Thor? — or maybe Spider-Man?

The coming of FANTASTIC—on sale now—brings you this fantastic not-to-be-missed chance to fly your favourite from your bike, adorn your bedroom wall or add some real power to the family car... How?... Read on...

Just cut out your favourite Power-hero drawing and slip it into the PENNANT-WALLET YOU'LL GET FREE WITH THIS WEEK'S FANTASTIC! If you can't decide on a favourite — well, just fly them all in turn!

(Psst! All the other Power Comics — Wham! and Pow! — and, of course, FANTASTIC, also contain pennant drawings this week. Why not start a collection?)